

Fashion's Fancies

Puzzle

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Household Hints

Frills

AUGUST FANCIES
IN FEATHER HATS

BY MARJORIE

IN the midst of this fine feather frenzy it is to be hoped that Madame Ostrich will not find her maternal cares odious this summer and demand a respite from her obligations. It is her liege lord, however, who supplies the world with its choicest plumes, heavier, fuller and handsomer than the female bird.

Every week some new feather fancy is launched, but none excel the charm and real beauty of picture hats painted by the great masters of the old world. The artist-milliners of today, however, are responsible for many novelties.

HEIGHT DEMANDED

The present keynote in feather-hats is height. Plumes may languish gracefully, but they must stand up for the most part where only one or two are employed. One charming little hat which attracted not a little attention at a recent garden fete was the new close-fitting shape of novelty straw, with its turned up brim pointed in the centre, faced with black satin and overlaid with lace braid. The dome-shaped crown was massed with white ostrich plumes curled for the most part on the edge, the flues springing from the centre in soft waves and terminating into cunning little curls. Two plumes were arranged high in back, nodding over the others.

THE DOG'S TAIL PLUME

Just why a feathered designer should seek so plebeian an object as a dog's tail for inspiration has not been explained. However, it has "arrived" with great eclat and is not so impossible and ungraceful as one's memory would naturally picture it.

At a fashionable restaurant the other evening at one of the largest coast resorts this much discussed plume appeared on the lovely heads of several women present. One hat was a natural color straw faced with black velvet and an immense white dog's tail plume sweeping across the crown from right to left. Another hat on a dainty brunette's wavy coiffure of raven black was a cerise straw, large and with rolling brim, veiled with mouseline de soie in a rich, deep violet tone. The under facing, also violet, was of velvet, matching the dog's tail plume, which rose rather high in the air.

In order for the feather to assume this shape it is carefully wired, the flues hanging down straight, the ends being curled under, but not tight. The tip of the feather, which is somewhat full, is raised slightly and shaped like its prototype.

VOGUE OF UNCURLD FEATHERS

I hear from a reputable source that these uncurled feathers assuming various shapes are to be in the lead for autumn and winter. Just the ends are slightly curled, the flues hanging down in a limp fashion or with a slight wave to suggest a graceful contour.

The willow-plume has had its day and will make

its final exit this summer, unless opinion of a milliner prophet goes wrong.

The models given on this page suggest the latest schemes of arrangement.

Violet hemp is shown in the first model in the scoop shape, resting well over the face and lined with self matching satin. The crown is massed with yellow plumes, which shade off to a light brown.

This style is much favored in black and white and in all white.

On the opposite side is a close-fitting high crowned shape, not very unlike the quaint, little Breton bonnet, which, however, has its sides turned back into sharp points and faced with contrasting material.

Here eyelet embroidery, which by the way, is having considerable vogue, is employed with a band of black velvet ribbon encircling the crown. Directly in front is poised an oddly shaped egret. An uncurled feather mount may also be used and is possibly newer.

The centre model shows the smart hedge effect carried out in antique blue straw with satin facing. The crown is encircled with a hedge of silverettes oddly shaped in gray. The effect is exquisite and so distinctive, even though it came out earlier in the season.

In buying feathers be sure to choose those of a male bird and of good size and shape with "dry" looking flues. "Maiden" feathers are not desirable and have a tendency to break.

When Trouble Comes
Your Way

THE next time things trouble you, instead of getting so down on your luck that indigo is a baby blue in comparison, get a grip on yourself and force cheerfulness.

That cheer may be like an incubator chicken at first sight, but it will be a good-sized content long before unforcing processes would give peace of mind.

What do you do when harassed? Get so grumpy that you make life a burden for all around you? Do you snap or sulk or take on that hang-dog look? Or do you keep a stiff upper lip so that even your near and dear do not guess that troubles make a dent in your self-complacency?

There are women who get the reputation of lack of depth when they should be held up as marvels of self-control. There are others who feel it a duty to show their troubles lest the world think

them light. And the world, which applauds laughter, votes the trouble-teller a bore.

Some people parade their troubles hoping to win sympathy. They should be clever enough to know that we sympathize where we admire, and that admiration is not for the weak.

There are others who are natural "groaners." They are like the small boy with a horn—the smaller the instrument the louder he blows. A tiny wavelet of worry becomes an ocean of trouble that engulfs the happiness of the "groaner" and all who know her.

The trouble-hunter is the one who hides trouble as a large frog in a small puddle—she does a lot of kicking with little cause. There is no one who tries our patience more than the woman who imagines she has trials. We haven't even the satisfaction of telling her those woes are imagined.

Let the woman who has frets that are real learn what to do with them. We take courses in everything else these days—why not in getting rid of our troubles? It is more often a matter of pride than most of us imagine.

Temperament is largely responsible for the way we bear up when harassed. It does no good to take life hard. Our troubles are not eased and our resisting powers are weakened. The woman who allows herself to brood when things go wrong

loses her hold on friends and on herself. There is not much love that can stand the test of chronic wailing.

Do not take yourself and happenings too seriously. A sense of humor is to trivial troubles like pumice on an inky finger. It wipes out the stain.

If you have woes that cluster try what an eraser it is to see the funny side. If the shadows are not entirely effaced they are lightened.

A laugh is the best trouble-bearer known. As there is no patent on it give it a trial the next time things go wrong.

Marriage in Turkey

IN Turkey marriage is a strictly civic act, the validity of which consists in its being attested by at least two witnesses, and although an imam, or priest, is usually present at the signing of the contract, it is in his legal rather than in his religious capacity.

The civil ceremony is simplicity itself. The bridegroom and his witnesses repair to the home of the bride, in the selamluk of which her male relatives discuss with them the payment of the nekiah. This question settled, and the contract drawn up, the bridegroom thrice repeats his desire to marry the daughter of the house, upon which the imam proceeds to the door communicating with the haremlik, behind which the bride and her female relatives are assembled. After announcing the amount of the nekiah agreed upon the imam asks the maiden if she accepts the suitor for her husband. The question and the affirmative answer having been thrice repeated, the imam returns to the selamluk, where he attests the consent of the bride and the couple are considered to be legally married.

The bride and groom do not meet, however, until the conclusion of the dughun ziafeti, or week of wedding festivities, which may not be held for some months afterward.